

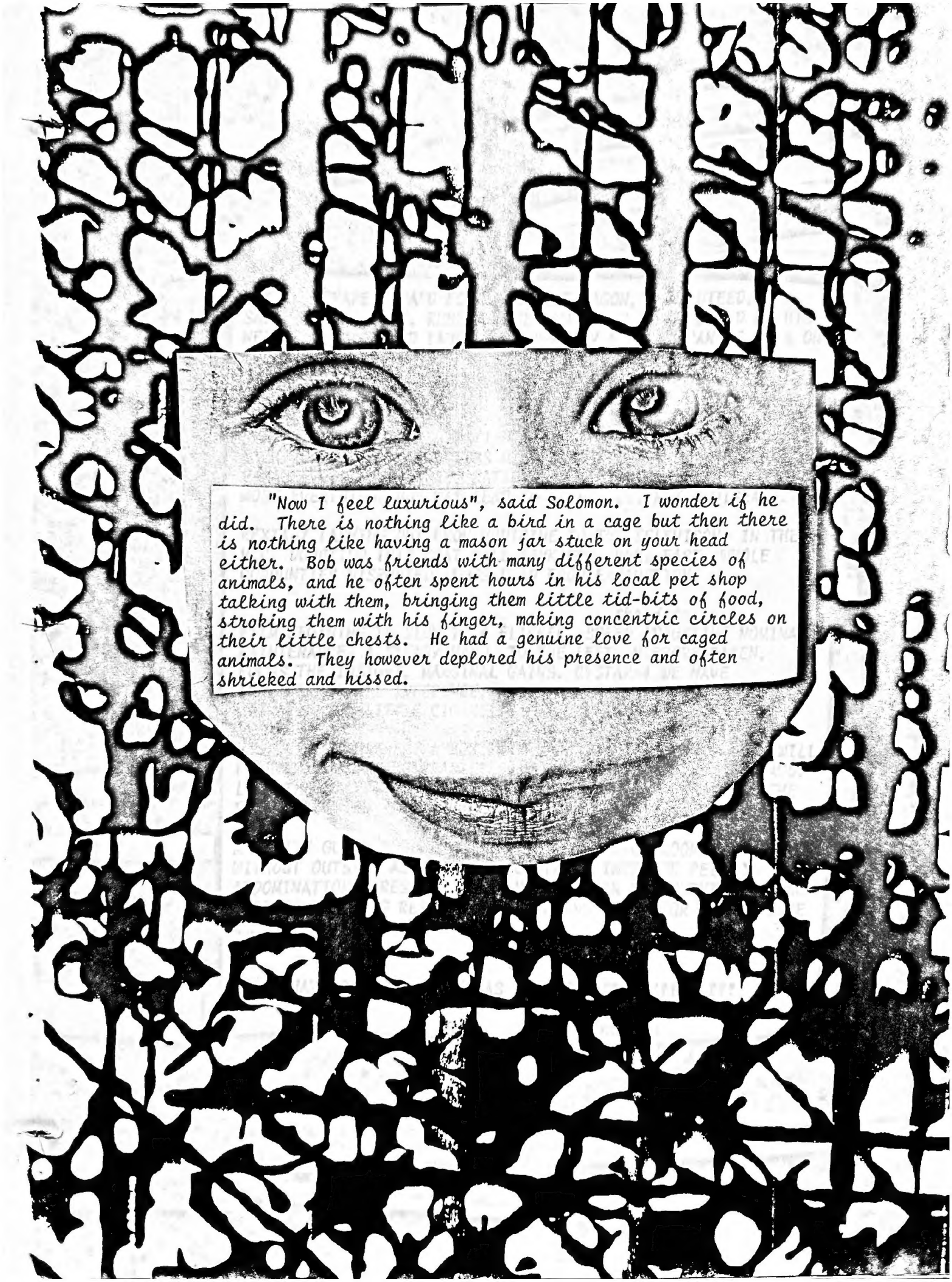


\*\*\*\*\*CAR-RT SOR  
01 MEDIA#6E4K ID#084398594  
WILLIAM CHAD BOWERS  
707 441-1100



IRIDIUM..IRIDIUM..IRIDIUM..IRIDIUM..IRIDIUM..IRIDIUM..

Bob loved the smell of smoked ham, but he would not dare take a bite. The meat was like a bacteria carpet, with a thousand points of light. I suppose you would have to call it a failure. Earlier that night a fat lady had choked on a yeast roll that wedged itself in her windpipe, but who wouldn't. Do you know what it is like to live with a bunch of liars? There is a strange magic that seperates the truth from the untold, but fear is not an issue when one talks of week old ham and the mason jar affair. This is the life of a person with a mason jar on their head. Laying in bed Bob relieved the horror he felt a week ago when from no apparent source he heard the sound Boo! Unable to get to sleep he drew circles on his bare chest. Bob thought of the day, how his mother had served the rotten ham, how his sister had tragically choked to death on the fat yeast roll. He thought of the sound Boo! And, prayed that the mason jar would just go away.



*"Now I feel luxurious", said Solomon. I wonder if he did. There is nothing like a bird in a cage but then there is nothing like having a mason jar stuck on your head either. Bob was friends with many different species of animals, and he often spent hours in his local pet shop talking with them, bringing them little tid-bits of food, stroking them with his finger, making concentric circles on their little chests. He had a genuine love for caged animals. They however deplored his presence and often shrieked and hissed.*

REXIA-7 GRAPE SODA'D FOUR THE MEAT WAGON, GUARANTEED. A SATISFACTORY GRIN, RUBBING THE RAW LINES. BOB LOOKED AT HIS NEIGHBOORS CAT AND LAUGHED, THE RUSTY BLOATED CAN OF TUNA ON THE SHELF. TRICK MIRRORS CASUAL FACTORS RADIATE GERM WARFARE. ALL OF THE DUCTS, ALL OVER THIS CITY. REXIA-7 HAS A BEAM ON THIS TOWN.

*the utopia*

CYSTAR-4 REPLIES WITH PATIENCE, PAT PAT PITY PAT, ON THE BACK. CONNECTING CONNETORS MUST BE DISCONNECTED. RAIN HAS DAMAGED CELL STRUCTURE. RATIONAL VOICES, THEY TALK ABOUT MOST EVERTHING. BOB WAS LEAD TO DRINK..... NOT A DISEASE.

REXIA-7 LASHING OUT FROM MEDICINE TO THE TELEVISION, IN THE VCR. DOUBTING THIS BOAT WILL SINK YOU. VERY FAST. WHOLE COMMUNITIES DISRUPTED. DOGS DEAD FROM EXHAUSTION.

*the data*

FILM BEGINING TO SLOW TO A FLICKER, SPEED ADJUSTING NOMINAL MAINTENANCE, A STEADY HAND, TO THE LEFT, MIRRORS TAKEN, FOCUS THE INSIGHT, MARGINAL GAINS. CYSTAR-4 WE HAVE TRANSFERRED ALL INFERENCE, RESUME WEIGHING. OUTSIDE THE BANK BOB LITE THE LITTLE CIGARETTE. ALL HELL BROKE LOOSE.

*the bribes*

HIS CHAIR, LEATHER. A BOX FOR COMFORT. FORWARD MOVEMENT WILL PENETRATE EXISTING REALITIES. BOB LEFT FLORIDA MINUTES AGO. LEFT THE STATE. MEN IN BLUE ABUSING 70 ROGER LIGHTERS. THE DEMORALIZATION IS CORPORATE. TELEVISED. *the read*

MEN WITH GUNS. BULLETS DESROYING ART. LARGE ROOMS BURNING WITHOUT OUTSIDE ASSISATANCE. CYSTAR-4 INCREASE PELVIC ABDOMINATIONS. RESTORE SHOPPING OR AGAIN THE BURNT. FLAMING PLASTIC DRIPPING RESPONDENTS COUGHING BLOOD FOR INDEPENENCE A SNAKE NEST OF SORTS.

*the sigh*

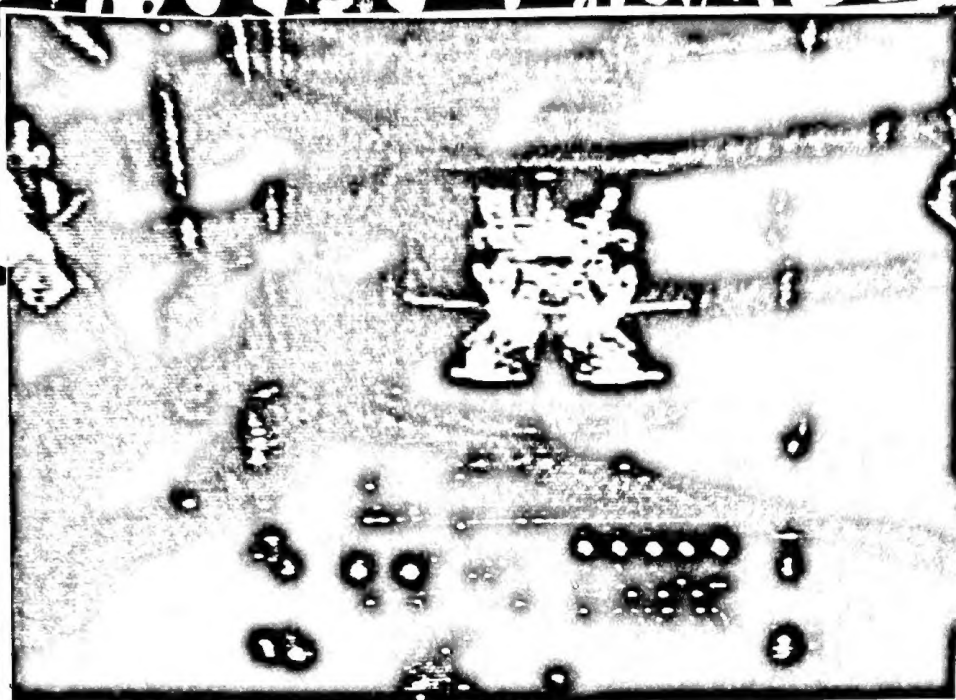
WHAT IS A MAN, WHAT HAS HE GOT????????????????????

*the end*



stale between my blue lips we all die everyday

just like the time you just gave up.  
drowning they fade

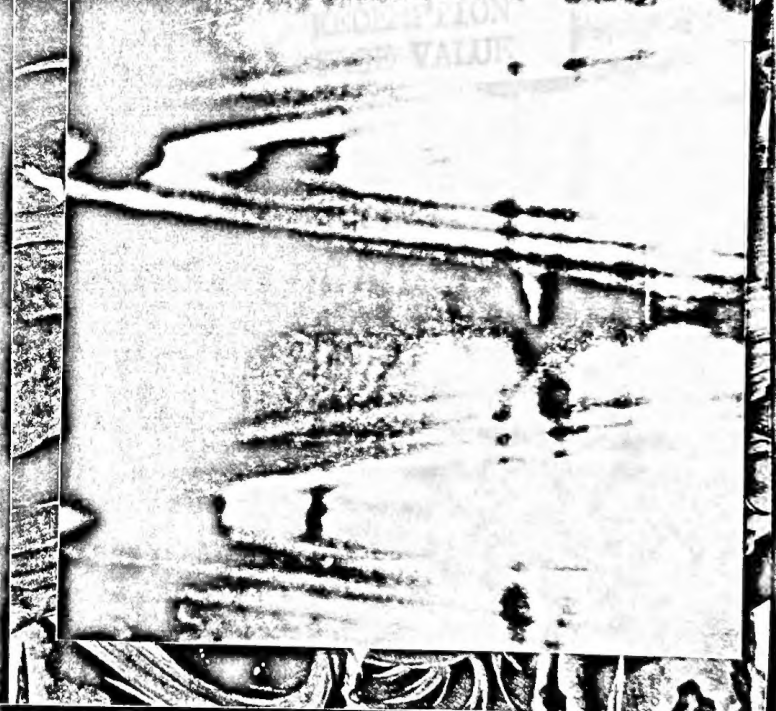
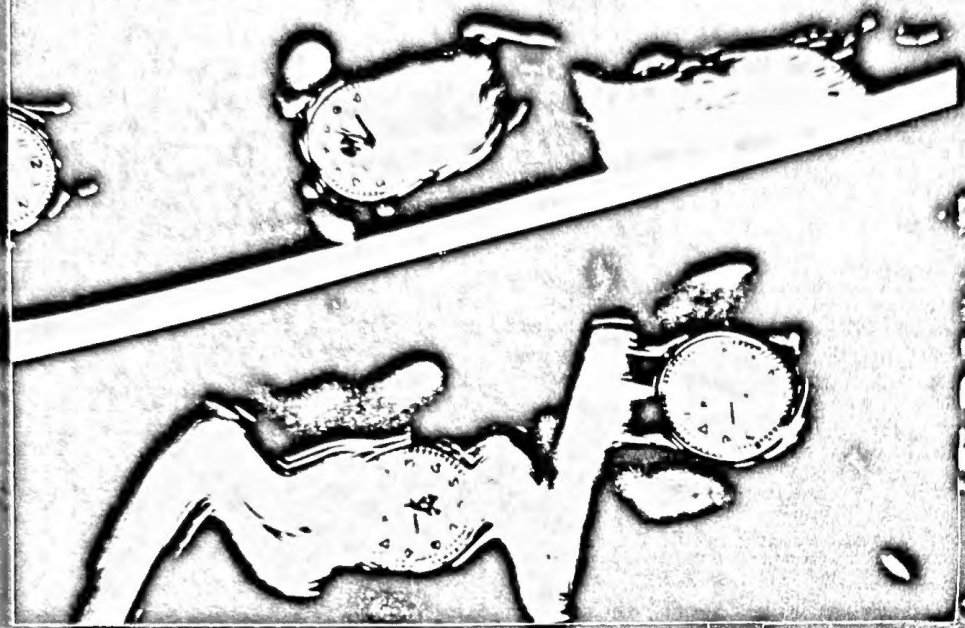


HAUNTED HIGHLIGHTS HOWLING HALLELUHAH  
SCARY SICKLY SIGHTS.  
SHIVER SHIFT AND SHIMY  
SCURRYING FROM MY MIGHT  
THE BIG FRIGHT  
ALONE AT NIGHT

WANTING TO BE SEEN, NOT WANTING TO BE SEEN  
WRITING IT ON THE WALL  
PEOPLE MAKE ME SICK  
1-900-BIG-DEAL  
1-900-YOU-SUCK.

lost, drifting in BLACK seas, against the  
rocks. In mirrors death I see. Water runs over and air  
fades out of me. My vision is blurred, all I  
see is.

Drifting further low, my arms fell heavier,  
today i will die and free this tragic charachter.  
Never before have I felt so free,  
Never before have I given in to the sea.



OVERKILL SURROUNDS US.  
THE PRODUCTS READ OUR MINDS,  
AND PLAY ON PSYCHOLOGICALLY  
UNDERSTOOD REACTIONS, AMBITIONS  
AND DRIVES.



GONNA SICK MY BEE'S ON YOU , GONNA SEND MY BEE'S,  
PUTTING MY BEAD ON YOU , GONNA GIVE YOU MY BEAD, IT'S A  
PAISLEY KIND OF MARKETING AND THE PEOPLE ARE THEY REAL,  
MY ICE CREAM MELTS BUT IVE GOT A GUN, DO YOU KNOW HOW I  
FEEL?

## MYSTERIOUS GIRL

LIVING LIFE  
IGNORANCE AND  
CONTEMPTION  
DESTROY FAITH  
MEGA HATE  
FASTING  
SPEED SPEED  
!((( BIG DAY  
LAUGHING  
REDEMPTION  
FACE VALUE

when we walked on the beach that evening,  
and i wrote your name in the wet sand, and  
while we stood there it was already begining  
to wash away.  
there were birds above us, they were crying.  
i through a stick into the water and we  
continued our walk.  
the sun set behind us, and our feet felt like blister.  
we walked until they bled, and then  
stopped, to stare at the sea.  
it said nothing to me,  
it was dark then, and we couldn't go on.

GALIUM ARSENIDE, THE RANGERS STRENGTH NOT FORGOTTEN

IT WAS NIGHT WHEN IT HAPPENED, BOB'S GUILT HUNG LIKE A SOAP ON A ROPE. THE LIGHTS FROM THE CITY WERE AT IT AGAIN WHEN AN UNPLEASANT KNOCK AT THE DOOR FRIGHTENED BOB. A TALL THIN BLACK MAN GAVE BOB SOME CHICKEN, AND ASKED HIM IF HE WOULD LIKE TO GO FOR A RIDE. THE BIRD THAT LIVED IN THE TREE, SWOOPED ON THE STRANGE VISITER TAKING HIS CONSCIOUSNESS.


THE HOUSE HAD JUST BEEN PAINTED AND THE NEW COLOR WAS NOT WORKING OUT. BOB SAID, "GOTTA FIX THIS HOUSE." HIS LARGE GREEN LAWN WENT PALE FROM A SPOTLIGHT THAT SINGLED BOB OUT FROM THE BUSHES, AND THE TREES DANCED FROM THE VOICE THAT MADE STRONG DEMANDS ON BOB'S FRAGILE CHARACTER.

BOB CURSED THE LIGHTS ASSUMING THEY WERE PART OF THE CITY CONSPIRACY. "DAMN YOU TO HELL, TRAFFIC FIXERS, HYPNOTIST DOG AND BITCH CLUB, THIS IS NOISE POLLUTION." BOB PREACHED. THE LIGHT DIMMED AND THE OBLONG COGARIAN SHIP BECAME A SMILING FACE THAT ERASED THE SKY. IT WAS SOUNDING LIKE A LIGHT IN WATER, DRIBBLES BEGAN TO FORM. "I'LL PAY THE BLINDING LIGHT BILL", SCREAMED BOB. "BLINDING LIGHT WE LOVE SPOONS, WE ARE THE PLASTIC ONES THAT ARE DISPOSABLE, NO TASTE, WE LOVE YOU." "BRING US THE DRYER. WE LIKE TO KEEP ALL OF THESE THINGS THE WAY THEY ARE, DO NOT MAKE SANDWICHES OR CRY THERE IS NO PLACE LIKE THE INSIDE OF A TOOSIE, WE LIKE TO FLOAT BIG ONES." ORANGE SAID.

RUNNING FOR THE GARAGE BOB FELL, AND BUST HIS KNEE, NO TIME FOR PAIN HE THOUGHT. HE CONTINUED HIS FLIGHT FOR THE GARAGE DOOR, AND THE SKY WENT VIOLENT PURPLE, MAKING WIND. THE TREES BENT AND DROPPED BIRD. FLYING LIKE HE WAS LOST, FASTER THAN A FEATHER, HIS WING COULDN'T HOLD. "DROP IT, FOLD AND TUCK." INSTRUCTED ORANGE.

BOB CAME OUT ON HIS MOWER, FIFTH GEAR NO BAG, A FLOATING DECK SHREDDING GRASS, ROARING WITH HIGH OCTANE, CLOCKING UP A STORM. TWIN SEEDERS THROUGH LIME INTO HEAVY CLOUDS. THE LIGHTS THAT MADE IT THROUGH WERE DIFFUSED AND MULTIPLIED THE CONFUSION. BOB CROSSED THE FLOWER BED AND TOOK OUT THREE SHRUBS. VIOLENT LIGHT THREE SENT RINGS INTO THE CROSS TREE MAKING BIG A BIG MESS. ORANGE HAD MOVED BEHIND BOB CORNERS MEET AND THE OAK THAT CARRIED RIBBONS FLAT. CRASH INTO BOB THE LIGHTS GOING DIM AND BOB LOSING CONTROL FROM CHICKEN GREASE ON HIS LEFT HAND, THE SOUNDS OF BIRD WENT TO LOW AS THE NEIGHBORS NOW AWAKE LOOKED INTO THE NIGHT OVERLOOKING BOB, AND HIS SPECIAL NIGHT.

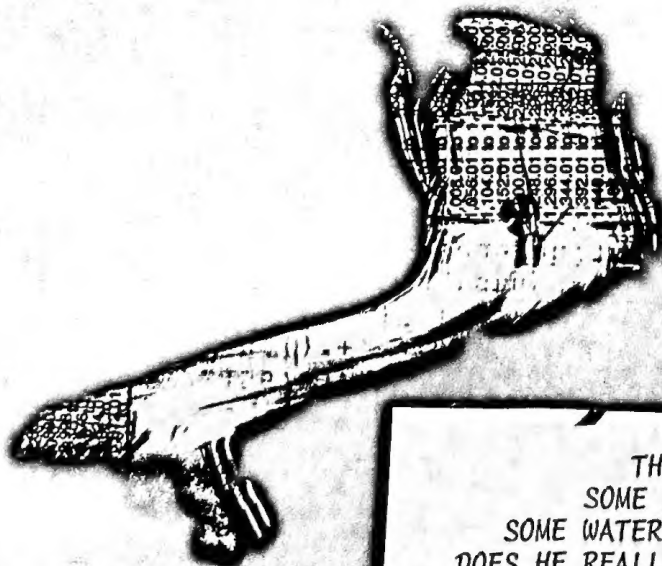




SPIDERS YOU KNOW, HISSING THINGS AND BITTING, THIS DISEASE YOU SEE, POINTING AT THE EYES, SUGGESTING THE WHOLE WORLD. IT ROTS UNDER THE SKIN, SPREADING TO THE ARM, LEGS, BIRTH. IT'S A PROCESS. THE BITE INFECTS ALL OF US EVENTUALLY, OPEN SORES THAT SORT OF THING.

LIKELY EXPLOSION

968.01	b	2.016
016.01	b	2.064
064.01	b	2.112
112.01	b	2.160
160.01	b	2.208
208.01	b	2.256
256.01	b	2.304
304.01	b	2.352
352.01	b	2.400
400.01	b	2.448
448.01	b	2.496
496.01	b	2.544
544.01	b	2.592
592.01	b	2.640
640.01	b	2.688
688.01	b	2.736
736.01	b	2.784
784.01	b	2.832
832.01	b	2.880
880.01	b	2.928
928.01	b	2.976
976.01	b	3.024
024.01	b	3.072



THE MOON IS A BALL  
SOME KIDS LIVE IN THE MALL  
SOME WATER IS BLUE. BIRDS PREFER TREES  
DOES HE REALLY NEED IT. IT FELT LIKE SEVENTY-THREE YEARS.



just before the bullet splits his throat, he smile D.

LOST IN FEELINGS CONFUSING NEEDS WITH GREED, AND  
THOUGHT THAT I COULD HOLD MY LIFE FOR YESTERDAY, WHEN I  
CARRY PAST THE GATES OF DOUBT. RELIANCE WITHOUT SUPPORT.  
LIFE IS LOST WHEN NEEDS DARK. LOST IN LOVE AND CARING LESS  
FALLING FURTHER DEEPER DOWN AND GIVING UP. DOUBT FULLFILLS A  
OF HOPES, BREAKING DOWN AND GIVING UP. DOUBT FULLFILLS A  
NEED TO CALL OUT FOR SYMPATHY. GLORIFYING THE IDEALS OF  
SINKING DEEPER PAIN IS GAINED, CRY FOR ME. HIDING GREED,  
LOVE. GIVE ME SYMPATHY. WITH MISERY.

UNDER A WHITE SUN WITH A BOTTLE OF FIRE. MY KNEES BITE  
AT THE THROTTLE, LIVING THE LIE OF GASOLINE POWERED SPEED.  
THE GROUND BLURS PAST, WHILE HEAT WAVES ROLL OF THE HOOD,  
THE GLASS BECOMES A CRYSTAL THAT BLINDS MY SWOLLEN EYES.

I FOUND THAT IN TIN  
TELLING ME NOTHING  
A VERY STRANGE DAY  
INSIDE THE BALLOON  
WE PLAY MUSIC ABOUT  
OLD BARNS WITH METAL  
THE CAN IS MADE FROM  
ROOF

THE RAT IN THE RIVER  
BOWLING BALL  
FACELESS SHADOW FIGURE  
SICKENING SMELL  
THE BOX UNLIKE THE CAKE  
FALLING DOWN



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### THE SWORD, THE TOPHAT AND GLASS EVERYWHERE

A CRYSTAL SMALL SPIDER, SILVER CLAWS, INFARED IMAGING, CRAWLED ACROSS BOB'S WALL. BOB SAT IN BED READING THE TOP OF A BOX, FRAGILE WAS ITS NAME. HOMEZONE REPORT AS FOLLOWS SUBJECT EXAMINING FRAGILE. OVER. VALIDATED CRYSTAL. GO FOR THE KILL. OVER. BOB HAD GLASS JARS IN EVERY CORNER, FISH LIVING IN ALL. A CRYSTAL SMALL SPIDER MOVED CLOSER TO THE BED, ON THE BED SAT BOB, ON BOB A BOX. READ THE BOX FRAGILE. THOSE SHEETS ARE FILTHY. AS BEFORE THE WALL HAD BEEN LIQUID AS BOB STEPPED INTO THE BOBCAT TAILS. HIS HAT ON TOP WAS WIDE AND BRIM, SUDDENLY A SMALL SPIDER WAS FOLLOWING HIM. THE FISH TOOK NOTICE, THE FISH WERE ALARMED, SHRIEKING TO BOB IN INTERCOM. WARNING BOB IN INTERCOM. HE KNEW WHAT TO DO. THE SPIDER FIRED ITS DEADLY SHOT. A PROJECTILE OF SILVER BARBSHAPED, DNA MODIFIERS AND NANONET SAT LINK TO REXIA CRYSTAL BASE 4. BOB FINGER IN JAR, FISH JIVE TALKING, WARNED TOO LATE BY BETTA 5. INTO THE NECK, INTO THE SPINE, LIQUID INJECT, DIRECT TO THE MIND. CRYSTAL SPIDER WENT DE-RES. A MAN IN TOP HAT, A WALL OF FISH, A CARDBOARD BOX. IT HAD TO BE TROUBLE. SOMETHING HAD TO GIVE. STRAINING HIS HANDS APPEARING TO MELT, BOB CRAWLED ALONG THE WALL FISH FALLING, WATER LANDING, BLOOD SLIDING FISH DYING, HE HAD TO GET THE BOX, AND END THIS PARADOX. THE BOX A SWORD OF SILVER, THE ONLY KIND THAT WOULD DO. OFF WITH HIS HEAD, FROM TOP OF THE BED, FROM UNDER HIS HAT TO THE WALL WHERE HE'S AT, CRAWL, BECOMING SMALLER, TO REACH THE BOX OVER HIS HEAD, OFF WITH HIS HEAD, OFF WITH HIS HEAD. THE SWORD IN GRASP, CRAWLING BECOMING SMALLER, DNA AND CELL STRUCTURE MODIFIERS, MASS LAYOFFS AND SHEDING, CIRCULAR GRAVITATIONAL PULL, AS REXIA KNEW, BOB SHRANK SMALL AND SILVER CLAWED

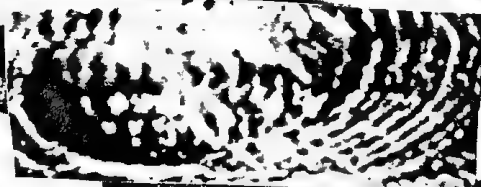
A SPIDER BOB KNEW. THE SAME DEAD WALL. FISH JIVE TALKING IN REXIA TOUNGUE BOB KNEW HIS LIES AND KNEW THIS WORLD, THE EVIL END, BUT HE HAD NO TIME TO PLAY ANY LONGER, TO THE STORE WITH BOB, TO THE STORE TO SHOP, TO BUY SOME BREAD, TO BUY SOME MEAT, A SANWICH TO MAKE, A SANDWICH TO EAT.



IN THE BOTTLE ABOVE THE SHELF, A MOUSE HOLDS BREAD, KEEPING TO HIMSELF, HIS HANDS PAINTED FROM THE DANCE THIS MORNING HIS EYES FOCUS ON A REFLECTION, MOVING. THE HOUSE IS HILLED FROM THE STREAM BEHIND AND THE BOTTLE MIGHT FLOAT, IF THE WATER IS RIGHT.

A MOUSE COULD BECOME QUITE WORRIED SIZE IS A FACTOR, HE THINKS. WHEN THE SUN SPARKLES LIGHT WHEN THE RAIN MAKES SOUNDS, WHEN NO ONE IS HOME, WHEN THINGS GET WET, THERE IS A BEE IN THE HOUSE, THERE IS A BUG UNDER THE COUNTER AND FOOD IS HERE OR THERE BUT SITTING IS ALL NOW.

SOMETIMES WHEN IT IS RIGHT, SOMEDAY HE MIGHT MAKE A STAND THIS SHELF IS MINE, THIS SHELF IS MINE. CLOCKS ARE SCARY AND HAUNTED BY LIGHT. WHEN IT LOOKS THE WAY IT DOES WHEN IT IS TIME TO HIDE, THIS WAY IT SAYS THERE COMING.



She was whipping up some hungry-jack biscuits or hungry-Bob biscuits as she called them. Bob was peculiar about his biscuits in that he preferred them to be slightly less than cooked. This practice disturbed Martha, and she warned Bob that he could catch 'monia from those raw biscuits.



UNMANNED CELESTIAL ASTRONAUTS CUTTING PHARMACUETICALS  
MAGNETIC STYROFOAM, NO SHIFT CRYSTAL TRANSMISSION, MASSIVE  
THEOLOGY. ABSOLUTE TECHNOLOGY.

SPRINGS SLIDERS- LIQUID CRYSTAL EXPLOSIVES  
SPROUTING METALLURGY.

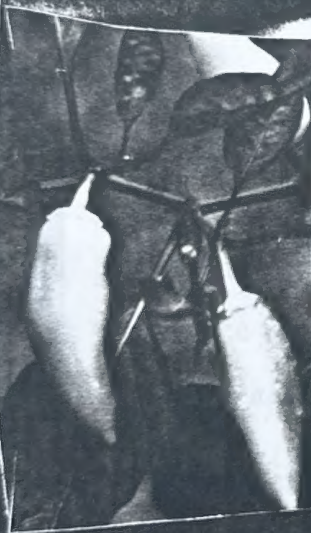
DRAGON RESEARCHERS TAKE FOAM AND DETERIORATE RESOLUTION  
THE GLOBAL TECHNOLOGY EXCEEDS ENDURANCE. INDUSTRIALIZED  
RESEARCHERS DEMONSTRATE COLORED DRAGONS, SURGICALLY  
EXCEEDING RESOLUTION. VENDORS TAKE TECHNOLOGY AND  
UNTRY THINGS LIKE ENJOYABLE DETERIORATION.



BECAUSE IT'S ALL INFLATABLE. # 86



I STARTED IT. I DIDN'T BELIEVE IT.  
 I THINK THEY TAKE MORE TIME NOW. LOUSY  
 ROTTEN THEORY THAT IS. EXCEPT FOR THIS  
 LITTLE GEM. IT'S FUN AND I AM NOT AN ACTRESS.  
 THATS THE WAY IT IS SUPPOSED TO BE OR IN YOUR CASE,  
 GOODNIGHT. A FOUR TRILLION DOLLAR DEBT, IT'S YOURS NO  
 STRINGS ATTACHED, NOTHING WILL STAND IN ITS WAY.  
 IT'S A SURE THING AROUND THE WORLD, BUT FEW CAN MAKE THIS  
 CLAIM. SURE I WAS HESITANT. BUT I CAN MAKE IT RUN FOR HOURS.  
 FOR WEEKS, AND SIX FOOT DEEP YEAR AFTER YEAR AFTER YEAR.  
 WE'VE RUN OUT OF TIME, THANK YOU STAY WITH US. IS IT I WHO  
 WILL BETRAY YOU. EXPECTATIONS OF POWER LOOKING AT THEM BOTH.  
 THERE IS SOMETHING ABSENT.



DECEMBER  
 FALL INTO THE FIRE  
 YOU ARE ONLY HALF OF SOMETHING  
 IT ALL FEELS GREAT  
 ENTER THE DEEP FREEZE  
 HOPES OF CHILDHOOD  
 SEDUCTIVE FRUITS  
 DESIRING TO FALL  
 FALLING  
 INNOCENCE IDEALISMS  
 DECEMBER.

INFINITELY BIG, INFINELY SMALL  
 ALL DAY SONG, THE PROBLEMS WITH BICAMERAL  
 THOUGHT, TIME LINES, AND BREAD LINES. LINEAR DREAMS  
 IT DOESN'T MEAN A THING IF IT AINT GOT THAT  
 SWING.



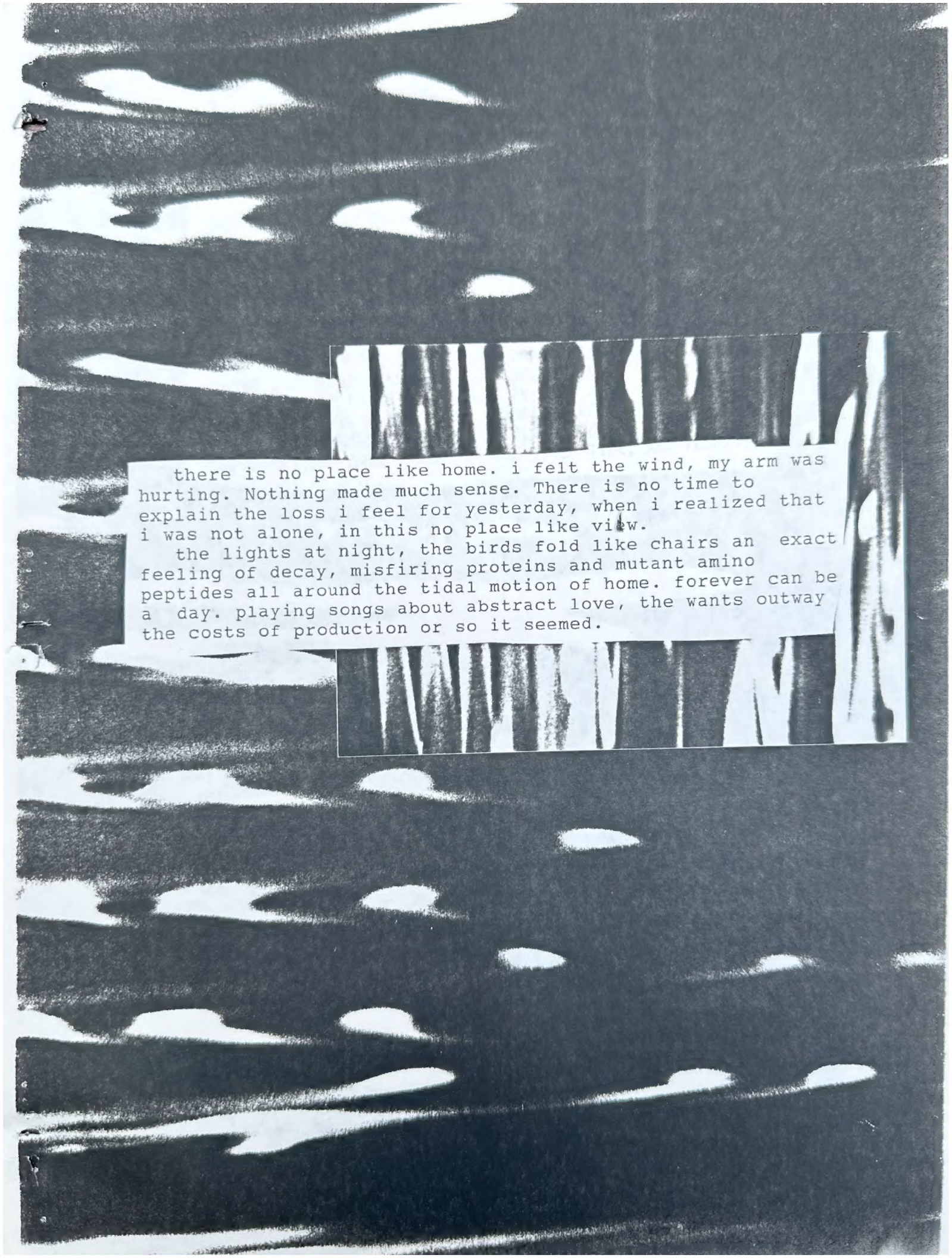
IRIDIUM.. IRIDIUM.. IRIDIUM.. IRIDIUM.. IRIDIUM.. IRIDIUM..

Bob fell into a rolling sleep and made a curious hissing sound. His white teeth were grinding and his mind drifted free. It was a time of rest, the only rest of the day for Bob's troubled mind. A chance for him to step away from the wheel. He was like a tiger about his sleep, like a big scary tiger.

In his dream Bob lived through events that never took place. He visioned a fun frolicked day at the zoo, with the father he never had. Bob imagined his father leading him in the dance of the caged animals. It was the most intriuiqing dance of all. Then he saw a big fat man with an arched back and a hacking cough join in and that depressed everybody.

Bob awoke with a deeper understanding of his pitiful life and a paranoid feeling about the phone in his room. His hunger pains were subsided by his sudden realization that everything he said was being monitored by wire. Bob laughed at his own paranoia while unplugging the phone.





there is no place like home. i felt the wind, my arm was hurting. Nothing made much sense. There is no time to explain the loss i feel for yesterday, when i realized that i was not alone, in this no place like view.

the lights at night, the birds fold like chairs an exact feeling of decay, misfiring proteins and mutant amino peptides all around the tidal motion of home. forever can be a day. playing songs about abstract love, the wants outway the costs of production or so it seemed.



SNOOPY KNEW THAT RING LOGICS DESTRUCTION OF MATHEMATICS RESULTED IN PERFECT CIRCLES, MASS HAVOC AT THE MEGA-MEDIA GENERATORS AND THE REALIZATION THAT THE LAST DAY WOULD BE INFINITELY LONG, THE ENVIRONMENTAL EMULATOR WOULD GUARANTEE THAT SOON AS NEW PEAS THIS INFINITE LINE WOULD SOON BE CROSSED AS THERE ARE NO DAYS AND THE LAST WILL BECOME THE FIRST AS THE PERFECT CIRCLE KNEW, SNOOPY SMILED AN ASTERICK LIMERICK FLUTTERED TILL THREE. THE TRIAD. SNOOPY LET THE DYING SUN SHINE FREE, THE LAST SOLAR WIND COMPRESSION OF THOUGHT, THE FIRST REAL SOUND IN HALF A CENTURY, THE STRUMMING HARP, VIBRATIONS, SEXUAL DEFROSTING, THE PENDULUM MOTION AND SHRINKING HEAT, THE BIRTH PROCESS, PERFECTED IMPERFECTION, SNOOPY SAW FOR THE FIRST TIME, AND FORGOT.



OOO,  
THAT  
TICKLES!

**HOLIDAY**

Dress: extremely casual

Complimentary Cocktail Hour  
6:30 P.M. to 6:30 A.M.

**THIS IS IT!**